

## Peninsula Enterprise.

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In Quality and Simplicity.  
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IT STANDS BOLD AT THE FRONT.

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And town lots for business men at the  
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We are just returned from the  
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and we think the best selected stock  
of goods we have ever offered to the  
public.

**Come early and get  
your pick**  
of the most complete line of Dress  
Goods in the county.

**NOTHING LIKE**  
our stock of Cloaks has ever been  
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Russian Circulars, New  
Markets, Dolmans,  
and Jackets for all ages  
from 4 years old to No. 42 for  
ladies. Call and be convinced.

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Ready-Made Clothing for Men,  
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**Carpets, Oil Cloth and Matting**  
We can please you and guarantee  
city prices in Brussels, Three Ply  
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see us at the old stand.

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**FARMERS**  
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reliable salesmen.

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PRISE OFFICE.

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Produce and Fruits.  
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Shipments can be sent via East-  
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### NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; a drop of dew  
That trembles on the leaf or flower  
Is but oxidized to fall now  
In summer thunder shower;  
Perchance to shine within the bow  
That fronts the sun at fall of day;  
Perchance to sparkle in the flow  
Of fountain's airy spray.

Nothing is lost, the tiniest seed  
By wild birds borne or breezes blown  
Finds something suited to its need;  
Where 'tis sown and grown.  
The language of some household song,  
The perfume of some cherished flower,  
Though gone from outward sense, belong  
To memory's after hour.

**ESSIE'S PIANO.**

"If I only had a piano!"  
Even as the wish rose, almost un-  
consciously, to her lips, Essie Trow-  
bridge blushed a deep crimson tint,  
and her shy eyes looked out half-  
frightened from under her long  
lashes.

"A piano!"  
The death of sarcasm in John  
Trowbridge's voice justified the  
shrinking of his little daughter-in-  
law.

"A piano! Wouldn't you like a  
diamond necklace or a carriage  
with four horses?—A piano! This  
is one of the results of a plain far-  
mer marrying a fine lady!"

"I was not a fine lady when Har-  
ry married me, only a hard work-  
ing district school teacher," said  
Essie, "and he was kind and good,  
and never sneered at me because I  
loved music and pictures I had be-  
fore my father died!"

"Well, there, there—don't cry,"  
said the old man, hastily. "I did  
not mean to hurt your feelings—  
Harry was—"

"But there the father choked,  
too; for was not Harry his only  
child, the very idol of his old heart,  
lying in the churchyard, and this  
the six months' widow sobbing be-  
side him?"

She rose softly from her seat,  
and crossing to where her father  
in-law sat, said, gently:

"I will not try you again by ex-  
travagant desires. I know how  
good you are to me, and I will  
learn to be a better farmer's  
girl!"

"You are a very good girl, a very  
good girl," was the reply, "and  
only natural you should be so. But  
what you've been brought up  
having. But pianos cost money—  
of dollars; and I have none to give  
you. I can't get round the fact  
as Harry did, and I have had to  
lean upon so long that thing, I  
crooked enough without him, I  
Essie sighed, caressing the snow-  
hair, her shy, brown eyes full of  
trouble. She knew that the old  
man was suffering for the master hand  
and eyes, lying folded forever, and  
she longed to be of some use to the  
father she had promised to love  
and comfort.

But she was only twenty, city  
bred and reared in luxury. Just  
one year she taught a district  
school after her father died a bank-  
rupt. Then Harry Trowbridge, the  
handsome, tender farmer, who met  
her in the country houses where  
she "boarded-round," told her his  
love and won the sweet, pure heart's  
affection.

Only a few months after the  
wedding, when Essie was conquer-  
ing up by one the difficulties of  
farm housekeeping, Harry fell from  
a hay-wagon and was fatally in-  
jured.

In the few hours of life granted  
him, his one desire was to keep his  
father and his young wife together,  
to love and comfort each other.

"You will give Essie a home  
when I am gone," he begged, when  
his father bent over him.

"While I have a roof to cover  
me," was the answer.

"You will not leave my father ut-  
terly childless?" he whispered,  
when Essie put her cheek to his to  
hide the tears that would fall.

"I will never leave him while my  
love is any comfort," she answered.

In the first days of morn-  
ing these two were an unutterable  
comfort to each other. But as  
time went on they found many  
rough places in this life contract,  
each felt so solemnly binding—  
John Trowbridge had a profound  
confidence for all womankind who  
could not fit his own rough ideal.

A woman who could churn, milk,  
cook, care for poultry, keep house  
shining, wash and iron, and keep  
in good, robust health withal,  
was a woman after his own heart.

A striving mind, a hungry soul,  
were problems he had never real-  
ized as existing.

It fretted him when Essie, new  
ly striving to do the work so be-  
lie in her experience, would faint at  
her post. It roused his rough as-  
cendancy when the day closed upon  
duties unperformed, when bread was  
heavy and cooking imperfect.

And Essie, hoping against hope  
to grow stouter, made herself  
miserable in the supposition that  
she was a useless burden where  
she so earnestly desired to be a  
comfort and blessing. She stifled  
her own craving for the books and  
refinement that had been second  
nature; and yet she could not fill  
the place they had occupied by in-  
terest in chickens, pigs and cows.

It added to her perplexities to  
know that the farm had not paid  
its expenses in the last year—  
Spring was still some weeks away,  
and provisions were growing scarce  
while ready money was dwindling  
down to a piteously small sum—  
She felt like a thief when baking  
provisions, or a diner was  
spoiled, and yet such disasters oc-  
curred in spite of her conscientious  
efforts to avert them.

It had been a dreary day when  
her unfortunate wish broke her

lips, and a sudden craving for the  
music that had been her life's de-  
light took possession of her. Her  
penitence for the words was very  
humble, and she put away the de-  
sire with many another longing.

But John Trowbridge had a kind  
heart under the hard crust gather-  
ed over it in years of toil, poorly  
paid. The longing of the shy brown  
eyes haunted him.

"I suppose it is like telling the  
birds not to sing to shut her up  
here," he thought. "But to give  
her a piano. How in the world—"

Then a sudden thought almost  
took away his breath. He got up  
from his chair, and kissing Essie,  
went to the door to think it over.

The young widow, warned that  
it was nearly bedtime, by the clock,  
sped to the kitchen, and did not  
know when her father-in-law put  
on his overcoat and hat and went  
down to the village.

He came back with some great  
project in every line of his rugged,  
sun-browned face.

"Tea was a success. The toast  
was delicately browned, and the  
ham done to a turn. When the  
meal was over, the old man said:

"Essie, do you remember the  
cross you told me your father gave  
you for a birthday gift?"

"My diamond cross!"

"You would not like to part with  
it? Perhaps it is your only remind-  
er of your father?"

"I have many other gifts. Noth-  
ing so valuable as that. The gen-  
tleman who took charge of my  
father's affairs told me I could  
keep all his gifts to me."

"You—you would not like to  
give me the cross to sell, Essie?  
Our money is getting very short—"

A kiss, tender and quick, stop-  
ped the words that came so hesita-  
tingly.

"You are gladly welcome to it,  
father. I wonder I did not think  
of it before."

So the dainty bauble lay in the  
farmer's horny palm, and while Es-  
sie cleared the tea-table John  
Trowbridge went once more to the  
village.

Dr. Reynolds, the only physician  
there, Harry's fast friend for years,  
was in his office when the farmer  
entered.

"There it is," said the visitor,  
triumphantly. "You are sure it is  
worth the money?"

"Perfectly sure. And Mrs. Trow-  
bridge wishes me to invest the sum  
I obtain in a piano."

"Bless you, not that my part of  
it. You see, the poor little soul  
tries to do her best, but she ain't  
fit for her hard life. If there was  
an other home for her I'd send her  
there, though I'd rather miss the  
sight. She's as dainty as a butter-  
fly, and yet she has not fine lady  
ways either. But she bankers for  
a piano, and she shall have one,  
Earnest," and the old man's eyes  
filled.

"Her own father gave her  
that gimcrack, and I've seen her  
kiss that often, but when I asked  
her to give that to me, because I  
needed money, she put it in my  
hand with a kiss, and told me I  
was gladly welcome. She's a good  
girl, if she ain't much of a hand at  
work."

"She is not very strong," and  
Earnest Reynolds stifled a sigh as  
he spoke. Then, with a quick  
change of voice, he added: "I am  
going in town to-morrow. I will  
sell the cross and buy the piano."

But when the farmer was gone,  
Earnest Reynolds took strange lib-  
erties with the jewel he held in  
charge. He slipped a ribbon thro'  
its ring and hung it over his own  
heart.

The next day he had it valued  
by a jeweler, and bought a piano  
with the sum named, but the cross  
rested still on his heart, as the bill  
for the sweet-toned instrument was  
paid.

It would be a vain task to de-  
scribe Essie's pleasure when the  
piano was brought to the sitting  
room. She cried and smiled at the  
same time, and her earnest thanks  
brought the moisture to the old  
farmer's eyes.

But the pressure of poverty was  
coming closer upon the farm. Acre  
after acre was sold to meet actual  
daily needs, and the wolf drew  
very close to the door of John  
Trowbridge's house. With stern  
pride he hid his wants from his  
neighbors, but Essie knew of pri-  
vations and self-denials that wrung  
her own tender heart.

Like a burst of sunlight there  
came to her two offers. One to be  
organist at the village church, and  
another to take a class of music  
scholars in the seminary, five miles  
from the village. Twice a week a  
carriage would be sent for her and  
the salaries were more than double  
the income from the farm. Neither  
John Trowbridge nor Essie knew  
that Dr. Reynolds by quiet, unsus-  
pected influence had brought about  
this happy result. No one knew  
that he had driven the principal of  
the seminary over on an evening  
when Essie was pouring out her  
whole soul in music, and held him  
spell-bound for two hours on the  
farm house porch.

But they did know that a strong  
armed Irish girl could be paid to  
do the work of the house out of Es-  
sie's income, and that a trustwor-  
thy man was found to take the  
farm work on shares.

John Trowbridge began to realize  
that there were women of some  
value in the world who possessed  
but a small share of bone and mus-  
cle for actual hard work, for school  
aides came all the way from L—,  
the market town seven miles away,  
to the farmhouse. Occasional were  
given for charitable purposes, and Es-  
sie was engaged at goodly sums to  
play. Strangers came to the vil-

age church to hear the wonderful  
voice and playing of the young or-  
ganist.

And while the comforts of the  
farm were multiplied by Essie's  
generous expenditure, while the  
rooms gradually lost their bare,  
dismal look by additions of turni-  
ture and ornaments, while flowers  
blossomed on barren spaces and  
the farm itself was more fully  
stocked, Essie was ever the same.

The same respectful love for Har-  
ry's father, the same gentle shy  
woman, modest as a violet. Yet  
not the same as the months sped  
by and the sorrow of widowhood  
lost something of its keenest pain.

John Trowbridge wondered a  
little, when the piano had filled its  
recess for a whole year, why Earn-  
est Reynolds was so much interest-  
ed in an old man's rheumatism—  
He had always been an attentive  
physician and had never neglected  
the father of his dear friend Harry  
Trowbridge, but of late he lingered  
long whenever he called and often  
dropped in unprofessionally.

Essie learned to know his step  
and her shy eyes would brighten  
when she heard it. Harry had told  
her of many noble traits in the doc-  
tor's character, and in the village  
she had heard of his gentle charit-  
ies, his conscientious discharge of  
every duty, his ennobling influence  
where pain and the shadow of death  
crossed his daily path.

Ever shyly distrustful of herself,  
she did not dream of winning the  
love of this hero of her husband's  
boyhood, this generous friend of  
the afflicted, this honored member  
of a noble profession.

She had given her first love true  
and warm, to Harry. But the days  
had blossomed twice over Har-  
ry's grave and the gentle heart  
was touched by other influences—  
June roses were blooming and Har-  
ry had been dead two years when  
one evening Essie sat at her piano  
with her fingers calling forth a  
melody full of sweetness. It was  
neither glad nor sad, and not so  
loud but that John Trowbridge  
could hear the voice of Dr. Reynolds,  
his heartful tones.

When he had heard all the old  
man said:

"Go to Essie, Earnest, and tell  
her the one wish of my heart will  
be granted if, when I die, I leave  
her in the happiness of such love  
as you bring to her. It has been  
my great sorrow that her short  
married life tied her to an old man  
who was so poor a companion for  
her. I believe Harry himself would  
bid you God speed."

And Essie, when the love plea  
was whispered, the message deliv-  
ered, bent her head to hide the  
happy tears.

"You will let me love you," the  
doctor pleaded. "You can love  
me!"

Only the little hand nestled closer  
in his own for an answer. Put  
after a little time the sweet, clear  
voice asked:

"You will let me keep my prom-  
ise to Harry, Earnest? I could not  
desert father now."

"I only ask to help you in your  
care for him. My home shall be  
his. And if he will sell the farm he  
will have an income that will take  
away all sense of dependence, while  
we can still give him love."

"It seems so strange to think  
you love me!" Essie said, after  
they had talked long.

"Little one, I loved you before  
Harry won you, but I starved my  
heart for yours. Do you know  
what I have worn there, Essie, for  
many a long month. See?"

And while he loosed the ribbon  
and put the diamond cross into her  
hand, she learned for the first time  
the true story of the purchase of that  
article of furniture, called at the  
farm Essie's piano.—New York  
News.

**With Paints and Pencils.**

A dealer in cosmetics was stand-  
ing with a friend gazing admiring-  
ly at the crowds of pretty women  
as they drifted pass. "Two-thirds  
of these gay and handsome crea-  
tures," he said, with a shrug of his  
shoulders, turning to his friend,  
"pencil their eye brows. Some of  
them merely rub a charred match  
over the eye brows, while others  
scorch a slate pencil in the gas-  
light and remove the carbon with  
one of their played out tooth  
brushes. These are the tricks of  
good little school girls. The mar